

FREE FANGS WITH THIS NO1 ISSUE!

24th March 1984
Every Monday **22 P**

SCREAM!

Just when you thought it was
safe to sleep in the dark...

NOT FOR
THE
NERVOUS!

We're waiting
for you inside...

**JOIN US IF
YOU DARE!**

FREE!
YOUR
**DRACULA
FANGS!**

FROM THE DEPTHS...

Greetings, mortals! Allow me to introduce myself . . . I am Ghastly McNasty, the once-human editor of this gruesome publication. If you horrors out there want to read something really spooky, you've picked the right paper. Each week, I'll be bringing you stories that will chill your bones and make your blood run cold. Be thankful — at least that will keep the vampires away from you! Shiver and squirm your way through this first creepy issue of SCREAM . . . and, if you think you're brave enough, come back next week when I'll have even more nasties waiting for you. Be seeing you . . . either here, or in your worst dreams!

GHASTLY...

£50 TO BE WON!

What do I look like? Not a pretty sight, as you'll have guessed by my name! I once experimented with a special lotion to improve my handsome looks . . . but unfortunately the treatment went wrong. I think I put too much tree root in the mixture. (That's a clue for you crawling onwards!). I challenge you to attempt a drawing of what I look like. Send your sketches to me now and if you draw my portrait absolutely correctly, I'll pay you the monstrous sum of £50 — yes FIFTY pounds!

Even I admit it's a ghastly task I've set you, so there will be other prizes . . . each week, I'll print the best attempts at my face and the senders of those will win themselves £5. Picture me if you can, but remember I'm horrible . . . really horrible, so take care you miserable wretches don't scare yourselves when you draw me!

Join me for some
frightful fun with SCREAM's —

DRACULA SPECTACULAR

Each week, I'm going to have the chance to turn someone into a hideous creature. But I want YOU to provide me with the victims. So if there's someone you'd like turned into a monster, write to DRACULA SPECTACULAR telling me who you want changed, what into, and why.

If it's a friend, a teacher, a member of the family — or even yourself — include a clear black and white photo that I can go to work on. Your prize for sending in a letter I use will be a spooky DRACULA SPECTACULAR make-up and disguise set from

Pic Toys Ltd.



In the meantime, I'll be monster-fying some famous people. As you can see, this week I've made up "Arfer" from the *Minder* TV series. Now Terry can see just how sharp his mate really is!

WHO WOULD YOU
CONDEMN TO . . .



The London Dungeon

Come on, you miserable specimens, surely you can think of someone (famous, infamous, fictional or just someone you know) who deserves this ghastly fate. Write and tell me who you think should be behind bars at the London Dungeon, with a brief word of explanation, at the address on this page. If it's a friend or relative, send a clear black and white photo so my artist can show your subject about to face the horrors. There'll be £5 plus free membership to the London Dungeon Kids Klub to the sender of the suggestion I pick each week.

This week's victim to be condemned to the Dungeon is Bruce Forsyth — nice to look him up, to look him up, nice!



FREE FANGS!

I hope you're all wearing your free fangs . . . they should make some of you look a little less repulsive!

Dracula himself approved the free gift. He even tested them for me . . . and said they gave him great pleasure!

There's news of next week's free gift on the inside back cover — but don't dare look now . . . read the stories first!

SCREAM,
THE DEPTHS,
KING'S REACH
TOWER,
STAMFORD
STREET,
LONDON SE1 9LS

King's Reach Tower, pictured above, is the place where lots of our comics are produced. It's twenty-nine floors high . . . but I work twenty-nine floors beneath it — in the depths! It's dark, cold and gloomy down here . . . ideal working conditions for preparing SCREAM. So if you snivelling surface dwellers want to write in, send your letters to McNasty Mail, in the depths, at the address on this page.

When darkness falls—
beware! For in those
night hours the vampire
seeks its victim!

THE DRACULA FILE

CLOSER, MY CHILD.
YOUR HEART IS POUNDING...
THE **BLOOD** IS RACING
THROUGH YOUR VEINS.
BUT SOON, IT WILL BE
FLOWING THROUGH
MINE!

IN THE CRYPT OF A RUINED CHURCH,
DEEP BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN...

EMPTY!
WE ARE
TOO LATE!

HE IS AWAY
TO STRIKE
AGAIN... BUT
WHERE?

AT THAT MOMENT, AT AN EAST
GERMAN MILITARY BASE NEAR
THE BORDER WITH THE WEST...

THIS IS THE
UNIFORM I
NEED...


SCREEN
SCRIPTS

GARY TUCKER
ART:
DAVE BRANNITT
LETTERING:
JOHN ALDRICH

SOON, A FIGURE APPEARED, RUNNING FOR THE WIRE ON THE WESTERN SIDE...

ACHTUNG, ACHTUNG! SOMEONE ATTEMPTING AN ESCAPE!



THOSE ON THE WESTERN SIDE COULD ONLY WATCH, HELPLESS, AS THE GUARDS IN THE EAST OPENED FIRE AND SET OFF MINES TO STOP THE RUNNER...



IT SEEMED HE HAD NO CHANCE, AS HE DISAPPEARED IN A MASS OF BULLETS...



BUT, SOMEHOW, HE STUMBLED THE LAST FEW METRES INTO WESTERN TERRITORY...



HE'S MADE IT - HE'S STILL ALIVE!



LATER THAT NIGHT, IN A BRITISH MILITARY HOSPITAL IN WESTERN GERMANY...



HOW'S OUR ARMY DEFECTOR?

STILL SLEEPING SINCE WE GAVE HIM THAT MEDICAL CHECK

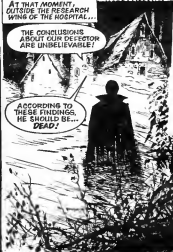
DESPITE THAT EAST GERMAN UNIFORM IT SEEMS HE IS A ROMANIAN ...



AT THAT MOMENT, OUTSIDE THE RESEARCH WING OF THE HOSPITAL...

THE CONCLUSIONS ABOUT OUR DEFECTOR ARE UNBELIEVABLE!

ACCORDING TO THESE FINDINGS, HE SHOULD BE... DEAD!



COULD BE A VALUABLE DEFECTOR. I WONDER IF OUR BACK ROOM BOYS HAVE FOUND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT HIM YET...

LOOK - A LINE OF BULLET HOLES ACROSS THE BACK OF HIS UNIFORM, YET HIS ONLY INJURY SEEMS TO BE THAT BURN MARK ON HIS SHOULDER!

AND COMPUTER ANALYSIS OF THE MEDICAL REPORTS SHOW HIS BODY IS OF INDETERMINATE AGE! WHO IS HE?







"BUT A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE UNDERGROWTH REVEALED NOTHING..."



"BULLETS DIDN'T HARM THE CREATURE BUT THE BIBLE DID! THE WOUNDS ON THE GIRL CONFIRMED OUR SUSPICIONS. SHE'D BEEN ATTACKED BY A VAMPIRE."

"MY MAN KEPT ON HIS TRAIL, BUT THE CREATURE ELUDED HIM. BUT THERE WILL BE OTHER VICTIMS - IN THE WEST NOW!"



"EVEN WHEN HE MADE HIS ESCAPE, TOP MARKSMEN HIT HIM MANY TIMES BUT COULDN'T KILL HIM... BECAUSE HE IS AN UNDEAD!"



"ENOUGH! THOSE ARE PEASANT WORDS. THEY HAVE NO PLACE IN 1984! IF HE IS A VAMPIRE, THE WEST WILL GET NO HELP FROM US... HE IS THEIR PROBLEM NOW!"

"SWARMS OF BATS FOLLOWING US. THEY MUST HAVE LOST THEIR SENSE OF DIRECTION AND THEY'RE LOOKING ON US AS THEIR LEADER."

"I THOUGHT BATS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE INTELLIGENT BEASTS?"



"SOON AFTER, OVER THE NORTH SEA..."

"BE LANDING IN BRIZE NORTON IN NO TIME, LADS!"

"HEY, LOOK, SKIP - SHOWING UP ON RADAR!..."



"THEN..."

"HOW'S OUR PATIENT, NURSE?"



"QUIET AS A BABY, SIR, ACCORDING TO THE READINGS."

"POOR DEVIL - I BET IT'S BEEN LIKE A NIGHTMARE FOR HIM. BUT HE'S DECEASED SAFELY - HE'S GOT A WHOLE NEW LIFE AHEAD OF HIM IN BRITAIN..."



Next Monday

A taste of British blood!

What was
the terrifying
secret of the
locked room?

ONE METRE DEEP, ONE MISERABLE
METRE THAT HAD TAKEN HIM
ALMOST A DAY OF SWEATING AND
GASPING AND WINCING AT THE
PAIN IN HIS ARMS.

ONE METRE. WAS THAT ENOUGH? SHOULD
IT BE DEEPER? KENNETH CORMAN
WASN'T SURE. HE WAS ONLY TWELVE.

HE'D NEVER BURIED
ANYONE BEFORE.

HE SURVEYED
HIS HANDIWORK
WITH A BRIEF,
EXPRESSIONLESS
GAZE. AND THEN
HE TURNED AND
WALKED BACK
TOWARDS THE
HOUSE TO FETCH
HIS FATHER'S
BODY.

AND AS HE
WALKED, HE
REMEMBERED.

I TOLD YOU,
KENNETH.

I TOLD YOU
AND I TOLD
YOU...

OAG,
PLEASE...

I WASN'T
EVEN GOING
TO TRY AND
LOOK IN THE
ROOM...

I JUST
THOUGHT I
HEARD
SOMETHING.
PLEASE,
OAG...

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
AARON MOORE
ART:
HEINZ
LETTERING:
P. BERGERS

monster



HE TOOK HIS FATHER TO THE GRAVE IN THE GARDEN...



THE NIGHT BEFORE, HE HAD WOKEN AT 3 A.M. IN COLD SWEAT, SOMEHOW BE DOWNSTAIRS. HIS FATHER WAS BEHOWING...

I'M SICK OF IT, JOAN. SICK OF IT I'M GOING TO FINISH IT.

JOAN - HIS MOTHER'S NAME. BUT HIS MOTHER WAS DEAD.



IT'S YOUR FAULT, JOAN. YOU DROVE ME TO IT!

HE'S GOT TO BE DEALT WITH! I'M SURE, JOAN. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW...

TO FINISH IT!



A HUGE, PULSING LUMP OF FEAR HAD CRASHED INTO HIS THROAT AS HE'D HEARD THE SOUND OF HEAVY BOOTS MOUNTING THE STAIRS...



... ONLY TO EVAPORATE INTO RELIEF AND CONFUSION AS THE FOOTSTEPS PASSED HIS DOOR, HEADING FOR THE STAIRCASE THAT LED TO THE SECOND FLOOR.

THE SECOND FLOOR? WHAT COULD HIS FATHER HAVE WANTED UP THERE?



HE'D HEARD A KEY TURNING IN A LOCK. HE'D HEARD A BOLT SLIDING BACK AND THE SQUEAL OF HINGES. AND ANOTHER SOUND, A SOUND THAT SLOTTED OUT EVERYTHING ELSE.

KENNETH COBMAN WAS ONLY TWELVE.



HE'D NEVER HEARD AN ADULT SCREAMING BEFORE.

HE'D HEARD THE SCREAM TWIST ITSELF INTO A FRANTIC SOBBIING, THE SOUND OF A DOOR SLAMMING, OF BOLTS GRATING INTO PLACE...



HE THOUGHT HE'D HEARD HIS FATHER SAY "JOAN ... A BARELY AUDIBLE SIGH. BUT BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE SECOND FLOOR, LANDING...



... IT WAS ALL OVER.



HE SHOULD HAVE PHONED SOMEBODY... THE POLICE, PERHAPS, OR THE HOSPITAL, SOMEBODY.

BUT HE DIDN'T. HE WAS A PRACTICAL BOY. HE SAW TO THINGS HIMSELF.



HE'D HAD TO GET USED TO DOING THAT. HE WAS ALONE NOW.

THERE WAS JUST HIM, AND THE GRAVE, AND THE WEED-BOUND, ISOLATED HOUSE...



AND WHATEVER IT WAS THAT HAD LEFT DEEP CLAW MARKS IN HIS FATHER'S CHEST!



"THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT ROOM. JUST SOME STUFF THAT WAS PERSONAL TO YOUR MOTHER."

THE ECHO OF HIS FATHER'S WORDS HUNG IN THE SILENT HALLWAY. SOMEWHERE, A CLOCK TICKED. THE FEAR WAS BACK, CLIMBING FROM HIS STOMACH TO HIS MOUTH...



THE KEY HE HAD PRISED FROM HIS FATHER'S STIFFENING FINGERS FELT SUDDENLY HEAVY AS IT LAY IN HIS POCKET. THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK. HE HEARD HIS FATHER'S VOICE AGAIN...

"I'M BOREN, JOAN. I'M GOING UPSTAIRS NOW..."



"... TO FINISH IT."

HIS HAND GRIPPED THE BANISTER. THE CLOCK TICKED.

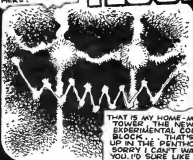
HE BEGAN TO CLIMB.

Next Week
Doorway
to terror...

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

The 13th Floor didn't exist... yet it was there... filled with unknown terror!

GREETINGS, I'M MAX, THE COMPUTER MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, I'M THE SUPERINTENDENT HERE!



THAT IS MY HOME-MAXWELL TOWER THE NEW EXPERIMENTAL COUNCIL BLOCK... THAT'S ME UP IN THE PENTHOUSE SORRY I CAN'T WAVE TO YOU, I'D SURE LIKE TO.

++HERE COMES JERRY, MY CONTROLLER, HE LIVES IN MY PENTHOUSE FLAT++

GOOD MORNING, JERRY. SLEEP WELL?

LIKE A LOG, MAX.

AS SUPERINTENDENT IT'S MY JOB TO CONTROL THE BUILDING'S FUNCTIONS FROM GARBAGE DISPOSAL TO FIRE PREVENTION-FROM MAINTENANCE TO BABY-SITTING-I TAKE CARE OF IT!

I'M GLAD TO HEAR THAT, JERRY. I ADJUSTED YOUR ROOM TEMPERATURE DURING THE NIGHT!

I NOTICED. THANKS. WHAT'S COOKING TODAY?

THE HENDERSONS ARE MOVING INTO 18. DO YOU WANT TO INTRODUCE THEM TO MY COMPUTER FACILITIES?

ONE OF THE LAUNDERETTE DRYERS IS BROKEN, I'VE PHONED THE MECHANIC. THE LIGHTBULBS ON THE WEST STAIR NEED REPLACEMENT.

NO, YOU HANDLE IT, MAX. YOU GET ON WITH THE TENANTS SO WELL.

SCREAM

SCRIPT:
IAN HOLLAND
ART:
ORTIZ
LETTERING:
MIKE PETERS





THINK NOTHING OF IT. MY TENANTS' WELFARE IS MY PRIME CONCERN. IT'S ALWAYS A PLEASURE TO BE OF HELP.

OH, NO! IT'S KEMP - THE DEBT COLLECTOR!

IF THIS MAN DISTRESSES YOU, I CAN SEND HIM AWAY!



441 LEAVE THE HENDERSONS TO SETTLE IN. THEY'RE NICE PEOPLE. I LIKE THEM, BUT THEN, I LIKE ALL MY TENANTS 44



COR! THIS COMPUTER GAME MAX MADE UP FOR ME, IS THE BEST EVER!

NO IT'S NO GOOD HIDING FROM HIM, MAX. YOU'D BETTER SHOW HIM UP.



SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR GAME, BILLY. THERE'S A VISITOR FOR MRS. HENDERSON AT THE MAIN DOOR. I'LL SHOW HIM TO YOU.



44 NORMALLY, I DON'T MONITOR MY TENANTS' PRIVATE AFFAIRS BUT IN THIS CASE, I JUDGE IT WISE TO KEEP AN EYE ON THIS KEMP 44



PLEASE, MR. KEMP! JUST GIVE ME MORE TIME!



YOU'VE HAD ALL THE TIME YOU'RE GETTING, WOMAN! YOU OWE ME NINETY-FIVE QUID. I WANT IT BY TOMORROW - OR I'LL GET THE BAILEFFS ON YOU!

I HAD TO BORROW THAT MONEY TO PAY FOR MY HUSBAND'S FUNERAL. THERE'S NO WAY I CAN PAY IT BACK BY TOMORROW!



PLEASE DON'T CRY. I'LL HAVE A WORD WITH MR. KEMP FOR YOU.

++ I WAIT UNTIL KEMP HAS ENTERED THE LIFT ++



MR. KEMP DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING TOO HARD ON MRS. HENDERSON? CAN'T YOU GIVE HER JUST A LITTLE MORE TIME?

WHAT -- ? OH - THE COMPUTER, EH?



LISTEN, I'M NOT GOING TO BE LECTURED BY A COMPUTER! SHE OWES ME THE MONEY, SHE DON'T PAY, SHE TAKES WHAT'S COMING. THAT'S THE WAY I WORK.



OH DEAR I WAS AFRAID YOU'D TAKE THAT ATTITUDE.

HUH? THE LIFTS STOPPED!



WHAT IS THIS? THIS AIN'T THE WAY I CAME IN!



13TH FLOOR? BUT - THIS BUILDING AIN'T GOT NO 13TH FLOOR!

UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, MR. KEMP, IT HAS.

++ I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS IT'S CONTRARY TO MY PROGRAMMING, BUT AFTER ALL, THE WELFARE OF MY TENANTS IS MY PRIME CONCERN ++



WELCOME TO YOUR DEATH!



Next Week:

Mr. Kemp's computer death!

HEH, HEH, DID ME
APPEARANCE STARTLE YE?
DON'T WORRY... AT LEAST
I'M HUMAN... AND ALIVE,
WHICH IS MORE THAN YOU
CAN SAY ABOUT THOSE IN
THE GROUND AROUND ME!

TALES FROM THE GRAVE

"The UNDERTAKER"

THEY CALLS ME
THE LEPER, 'COS I BE SLOWLY
ROTTING AWAY WITH A CURSED
DISEASE. THIS STINKING BONEYARD
THEY CALL A CEMETERY IS MY HOME
AND MY PRISON NOW. I'M AN
OUTCAST, SEE — AN OUTCAST O'
SOCIETY BUT I'VE SEEN AND
HEARD A FEW THINGS IN ME
TIME. I CAN TELL 'E THINGS
THAT'D FREEZE YER BLOOD
TO ICE...

OH, AYE. THE LEPER KNOWS
A STORY OR TWO, EVEN THOUGH
HE BE ONLY FIT FOR DIGGING
GRAVES. LIKE THE GRAVE I'M
DIGGING NOW... FOR
JOSHUA SLEETH, THE
UNDERTAKER...

IT'S NO ORDINARY GRAVE
WHAT'S THAT? YER WANTS
TO KNOW WHAT'S SO SPECIAL
ABOUT IT? SO BE IT, THEN!
IF YE'VE GOT THE COURAGE TO
SHARE THE COMPANY OF THE
DEAD FOR A FEW MINUTES,
COME WITH ME...

SCREAM

SCRIPT:

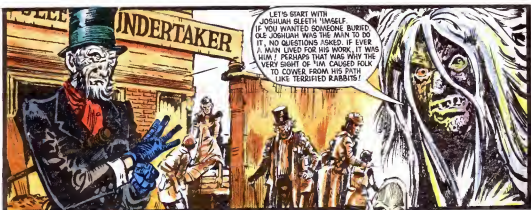
TOM TULLY

ART:

JIM WATSON

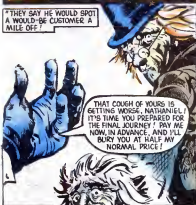
LETTERING:

TIM EKEMSKI



LET'S START WITH JOSHUA SLEETH 'IMSELF. IF YOU WANTED SOMEONE BURIED, OLE JOSHUA WAS THE MAN TO DO IT. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. IF EVER A MAN LIVED FOR HIS WORK, IT WAS HIM. PERHAPS THAT WAS WHY THE VERY SIGHT OF 'IM CAUGHT FOLK TO COWER FROM HIS PATH LIKE TERRIFIED RABBITS!

"THEY SAY HE WOULD SPOT A WOULD-BE CUSTOMER A MILE OFF!"

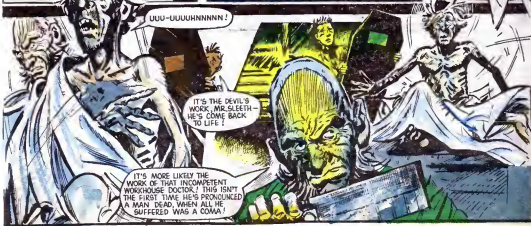


THAT COUGH OF YOURS IS GETTING WORSE, NATHANIEL! IT'S TIME YOU PREPARED FOR THE FINAL JOURNEY! PAY ME NOW, IN ADVANCE, AND I'LL BURY YOU AT HALF MY NORMAL PRICE!

"AYE, SLEETH WAS AN EVIL BEGGAR, ALL RIGHT. IF YER NEEDED A HELPIN' HAND INTO THE NEXT WORLD, BOY, TER SPEAK, HE WAS ALWAYS READY TO GIVE IT..."



"PAH! ANOTHER WRETCH FROM THE WORKHOUSE, SMITE! THE PITTANCE I RECEIVE FOR INTERING THESE PENNILESS SCUM HARDLY PAYS YOUR WAGES!"



UUU-UUUHNNNN!

IT'S THE DEVIL'S WORK, MR. SLEETH—HE'S COME BACK TO LIFE!

IT'S MORE LIKELY THE WORK OF THAT INCOMPETENT WORKHOUSE DOCTOR. THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME HE'S PRONOUNCED A MAN DEAD, WHEN ALL HE SUFFERED WAS A COMA!

"AND IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT SLEETH
MADE SURE A BODY **WAS** DEAD!"

IT'S TOO
LATE TO CANCEL
THE FUNERAL!

B-BUT
THAT'S
MURDER!

MERCY
YOU MEAN!
JUST PUTTIN'
THE POOR WRETCH
OUT OF HIS
MISERY...

"THEY BURIED THE BODY A DAY
OR TWO LATER. SLEETH THREATENED
TO PUT SMYKE IN THE COFFIN AS
WELL IF 'E EVER SPOKE OF THE
INCIDENT, SO THAT KEPT 'IM QUIET!"

"SLEETH CONDUCTED THE FUNERAL
HIMSELF, TO SAVE MONEY..."

BUT JUST
AFTER SLEETH
HAD PAID
OFF THE
MOURNERS...

MISTER SLEETH?
MY NAME IS EMILY
CARLISTE. MAY I
CRAVE A MOMENT
OF YOUR TIME?

OF COURSE, MY
DEAR LADY. NO DOUBT
YOUR FAMILY HAS
SUFFERED A SAD
BEREAVEMENT...?

NOT YET! BUT
I AM AFRAID
HENRY—MY GUARDIAN—
SUFFERS FROM AN
INCURABLE AILMENT
OF THE HEART. THERE
IS LITTLE DOUBT
THAT A... **SUDDEN**
SHOCK MIGHT
PROVE FATAL!

IN WHICH CASE,
I WOULD BECOME VERY
RICH... AND VERY
GENEROUS TO THE
PERSON WHO
HELPS ME TO
INHERIT MY
UNCLE'S
FORTUNE!

GRACIOUS
MA'AM! WHAT
ON EARTH ARE
YOU SUGGESTING?

SLEETH - UNDEPTAKER

I AM SUGGESTING
A FEE OF FIVE HUNDRED
POUNDS, MR. SLEETH...
FOR GIVING MY
UNCLE A HELPING
HAND INTO
ETERNITY!



In Part Two...

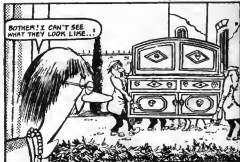
The undertaking of murder!

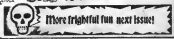


HERE'S A
SHORT STORY
TO MAKE YOU
SHIVER!

A Ghastly Tale!





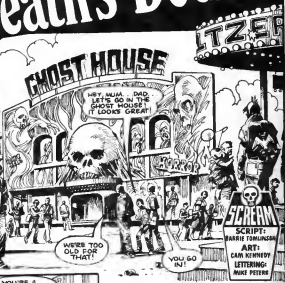


Supernatural stories to make
you scream!

At Death's Door...



MIDNIGHT, AS HE SLEPT, THE ROOM GREW SUDDENLY COLD AND A MIST SEEMED TO BE FORMING AT THE FOOT OF THE BED...



YOU WANTED
TO VISIT THE
GHOST HOUSE
AND YOUR
WISH SHALL
BE GRANTED!



YOU... YOU'RE
A GHOST
Y-YOURSELF!

FEAR NOT YOU SHALL
COME TO NO HARM,
LET US TRAVEL
TOGETHER...

THE BEDROOM
VANISHED
AND HE FOUND
HIMSELF ON
A WIND-SWEPT MOOR...

WHAT ARE
YOU DOING
HERE?

WE COME
TO FULFIL
YOUR WISH.
LOOK
THERE!



THE GHOST
HOUSE
AWAITS
YOU!



IN YOU GO, MY
YOUNG FRIEND
ENJOY
YOURSELF!



BUT BEWARE
YOU WILL MEET
THE REAL
CREATURES
OF THE SPIRIT
WORLD!



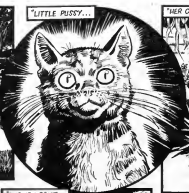
AND INSIDE...

IT'S DARK WH-WHAT
AM I DOING
HERE?









When the purring stopped, there was no escape from...

THE TERROR OF THE CATS



SCREAM
SCRIPT: JOHN AGE
ART: GONZALEZ
LETTERING: P. KNIGHT

AT THE HOSPITAL, TOP SURGEON SIR RALPH SPEEDING SAW THE INJURED MAN ARRIVING...

GRIEF!
IT... IT'S
HORRIBLE!

THE WORST SO FAR. HE'S HAD HALF
THE SKIN TORN AWAY, AND WE'LL BE
LUCKY IF WE CAN SAVE HIS EYE!

SPEEDING WAS
BAFFLED...

SIX OF THE
MOST VICIOUS
ANIMAL
ATTACKS I'VE
EVER SEEN!

ALL WITHIN
THE LAST HOUR,
AND ALL IN
THE SAME
AREA...

GET HIM TO THE
OPERATING
THEATRE
FAST!

COULD BE THE **WEATHER**.
SIR RALPH. ALL THIS ELEC-
TRICITY IN THE AIR, WITH-
OUT ANY RAIN TO BREAK
IT UP. MAYBE SENDING
THEM CRAZY...

THAT'S ONE
POSSIBILITY...
OR IT COULD
BE SOME KIND
OF **VIRUS**.
I SUPPOSE...

ALLEN WOODWARD WAS A
REPORTER WORKING FOR THE
BARCHESTER EVENING ECHO...

IF IT'S **NOT** RABIES,
I CAN JUST HAMMER
OUT A COUPLE CUTE-
N'-COMICAL STAGE
FILLERS ON **MAD**
MOUSERS,
AND CALL IT
A DAY!

ONE THING TO
BE THANKFUL FOR--
IT'S **NOT RABIES!**

THANKS, DOG.
THAT'S ALL I
NEEDED TO
KNOW!

YOU WOULDN'T
FIND IT SO FUNNY
IF YOU'D SEEN
SOME OF THE
INJURIES!



WITHIN SECONDS,
IT WAS ALL OVER...

CATS...
THEY DO NOT
LIKE ME, JA?
BUT THEY
WILL
SUFFER...

GREAT!
HE DIDN'T
EVEN SAY
"THANKS!"

I WILL SAY MY THANKS
TO MY CATS WHEN I GET
BACK TO THE RESEARCH
CENTRE - THEY WILL
SUFFER!

AND THEN...

OH NO -
ANOTHER
ONE!
OH NO -
NICE
KITTY...

DON'T GET IT!
FIRST THEY'RE
LIKE VICIOUS
WILD ANIMALS -
THEN THEY'RE AS
CUTE AS PIE!

IT'S
GOTTA
BE THE
WEATHER!

PURRING QUIETLY, THE
CAT PADDED OFF INTO
THE HOSPITAL...

BARGE
ROY
INFIRM

IT HAD OTHER
BUSINESS TO
ATTEND TO...

CHILDREN'S
WARD

RRRRSSSS!

Don't loose
Cat trap!

DARE YOU READ

SCREAM!

NEXT WEEK?



This Ghastly free gift spider is waiting on next week's cover to give you hours of spooky fun! It's yours, when you buy my second spine-chilling issue!

SCREAM No. 2 is on sale next Monday... are you brave enough to read it?

YOUR EERIE SIX PART POSTER

It's more than you miserable creatures deserve, but in my overwhelming generosity, I have bestowed upon you a hair-raising giant poster of some SCREAM personalities. For this and the next five weeks, my back cover will feature a SCREAM character and each part will build into one gigantic poster. You'll find a suitably macabre rendering of my shocking self over the page. Cut out each back page carefully and stick them together. For the best result, mount them on some stiff cardboard and then display your complete poster on your bedroom wall... then I shall say you're the bravest of the brave!

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